



## On Campus with Max Shulman

(Author of "I Was a Teen-age Drunk", "The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis", etc.)

### "AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES"

Twinkly, lovable old Dr. Wagstaff Sigfoos, head of chemistry at the Upper Rhode Island College of Science and Palmistry, cares naught for glory and wealth. All he cares about is to work in his laboratory, to play Mozart quartets with a few cronies, to smoke a good Marlboro, and to throw sticks for his faithful dog Trey to fetch.

So when, after years of patient research, Dr. Sigfoos discovered Reverso, a shaving cream which causes whiskers to grow inward instead of outward, thus enabling a man to bite off his beard instead of shaving it, it never even crossed his mind that he had come upon a key to fame and riches; he simply assigned all his royalties from Reverso to the college and went on with his quiet life of working in the laboratory, playing Mozart quartets, smoking good Marlboros and throwing sticks for his faithful dog Trey. (Trey, incidentally, had died some years earlier but habit is a strong thing and Dr. Sigfoos to this day continues to throw sticks.)

As everyone knows, Reverso turned out to be a madly successful shaving cream. Royalties in the first month amounted to \$250,000, which came in mighty handy, believe you me, because the college had long been postponing some urgently needed repairs—a lightning rod for the men's dormitory, new hoops for the basketball court, leather patches for the chess team's elbows and a penwiper for the Director of Admissions.



In the second month royalties amounted to an even million dollars and the college bought Marlboro cigarettes for all students and faculty members. It is interesting that the college chose Marlboro cigarettes though they could well have afforded more expensive brands. The reason is simply this: you can pay more for a cigarette but you can't get a better flavor, a better smoke. If you think flavor went out when filters came in, try a Marlboro. The filter cigarette with the unfiltered taste. You, too, can smoke like a millionaire at a cost which does no violence to the slimmest of budgets. Marlboros come in soft pack or flip-top box and can be found at any tobacco counter. Millionaires can be found on yachts.

But I digress. We were speaking of the royalties from Reverso which continue to accrue at an astonishing rate—now in excess of one million dollars per week. The college is doing all it can to spend the money; the student-faculty ratio which used to be thirty students to one teacher is now thirty teachers to one student; the Gulf Stream has been purchased for the Department of Marine Biology; the Dean of Women has been gold-plated.

But money does not buy happiness, especially in the college world. Poverty and ivy—that is the academic life—not power and pelf. The Upper Rhode Island College of Science and Palmistry is frankly embarrassed by all this wealth, but I am pleased to report that the trustees are not taking their exultation lying down. Last week they earmarked all royalties for a crash research program headed by Dr. Wagstaff Sigfoos to develop a whisker which is resistant to Reverso. Let us all join in wishing the old gentleman success.

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